

Lyrics and Rhymes

by

THE O'BYRNES



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Lyrics and Rhymes

BY

THE O'BYRNES, *revised.*

*Authors of "Idyls of Lakeside" "Susquehanna"
"Playlets and Poems"*

Foreword

BY

REV. JOSEPH L. O'BRIEN, M. A.



C. C. BYRNE

PORT WASHINGTON

LONG ISLAND

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DEDICATION

To the lovers of learning
Who proffered their aid
That the brightness of truth
May through darkness pervade,
That the clear gleaming beacon
Of fair Marywood
May shed through this valley
An influence good—
To these dear friends we offer
The following pages.
May God's blessing rest on them
Through unending ages.

FOREWORD

One may tell himself that he does not like to read poetry, but he tells himself an untruth. He may not care for certain types of poetry or for the work of poets who have climbed to the summits of poetic grandeur, but there are little songs that will sing their way into the heart of the most prosaic if he but seek them.

Song is as natural to the human heart as rhythm is to the pulse. Not all are endowed by temperament or prepared by training to enjoy the works of the mighty masters. To many their work must ever remain unknown. But these many need not thereby be shut out from the beautiful world of song. There are the singers of simple songs—and their name is legion—writers of the simple lays for which Longfellow, artist and scholar though he was, longed, whose poems will carry their message of cheer to the man and the woman of this workaday world if they but read them.

In the verse published in this volume now offered to the public we have the simple lays of sweet singers—lays into the web and woof of which are woven graceful reference to men and things of local interest. The writers have already published two volumes of poems which have won for them a host of admirers. This volume of poems will be a source of delight to their many friends and will be welcomed by those who seek for a song at e'en after the cares and toils of the day.

JOSEPH L. O'BRIEN.

July, 1923.

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MARYWOOD

Our hearts are thine, sweet Marywood,
We love thy sacred walls;
Here Inspiration walks with us
Through silent, sunlit halls.
We love thy flower-girded walks,
Thy fields and groves of green;
The vales and dells and distant hills
That from thy heights are seen.

CHORUS

O Marywood, sweet source of hope,
In thee our hearts abide;
From Wisdom's fountain here bright streams
Through distant fields shall glide,
To satisfy the thirsty world,
And spread God's glory wide.

All hail to thee, fair Marywood,
Sweet memories round thee cling;
Of all thy triumphs in the past
Today we fondly sing.
But oh, more proudly do we point
To glory and to fame,
That through unending ages shall
Immortalize thy name.

God smile on thee, sweet Marywood,
God bless thy sacred shrine!
May Heaven's halo crown thy brow
And living bays be thine!
Long may thy voice from this fair Mount
A holy cause proclaim;
Long may thy beacon light shine out
To glorify God's name!

OUR BISHOP

(A Jubilee Acrostic)

Michael, great chief of the angels,
Invincible leader behold!
Confidingly now we approach thee,
Heart eager our prayers are retold.
Angel of might and of mercy,
Ever our shield and defense,
Lo! how our hymns are ascending,
Joyous as love's sweet incense.

Our prayers and our hymns, our heart-pleadings
Have fervently rung around God's throne,
Naught else to obtain save the favor
He joys to bestow on his own.
O Michael, we ask for that favor,
Bright angel, we seek it through thee,
As a jubilee gift for our Bishop,
None other deserves more than he.

A STONE FROM CANA OF GALILEE

A stone from Cana sent me!!
A stone from dear old Galilee!
No treasure do I hold more dear,
Tell this to him who sent it here.
Rare gifts have come from other lands,
But I, with far more eager hands,
Now grasp the stone from Galilee,
It means so much, so much to me.

I hold it close and think again
Of how when Jesus walked with men,
He came to bless the Marriage feast,
He, Son of God and true High Priest.
And when His mother sitting there,
Breathed in His ear her earnest prayer,
He showed mankind His power divine
And changed the water into wine.

As Jesus passed along the way,
He sanctified this stone that day;
Perhaps it kissed the mother's feet,
Who walked beside Him, calm and sweet.
Diamonds may have the power to thrill
Some hearts, so give them where you will.
But oh! far rather would I own
This precious, holy Cana stone.

BISHOP BRENNAN

We gaze upon the purple robe,
The mitre and the ring,
And try to measure in our mind
The honor each will bring.

We look upon the crosier, too,
In consecrated hand,
And think what awe and reverence
Its presence will command.

Joy pulses through the eager throng
And thrilling voices raise
Within the vast cathedral walls
A hymn of prayer and praise.

And it is meet thanksgiving now
Ascend to God's high throne,
The bishop consecrated here
Is one we long have known.

There is no room for selfish fear
Forbidding us rejoice
When we behold this friend, revered,
A shepherd of God's choice.

For oh! it is unthinkable
That in a soul so great,
New dignities could in the least
Its loyalty abate.

What Bishop Brennan ever was
He is and e'er will be—
Protector, father and true friend
Of frail humanity.

Long years before Rome spoke, we heard
His voice ring o'er the wold
Recalling lambs that strayed away,
Back to the one true fold.

Long years before Rome spoke, his zeal
Outreaching all confines,
Was such that it could never be
Bound in by parish lines.

Then nothing can restrict our joy,
Let earnest prayers ascend;
Long live our holy bishop!
Long live our loyal friend!

HERSELF

The troublesome pronoun was ever
And always the bane of my life,
But one thing I'm sure of, and that is
Herself means an Irishman's wife.

MAYOR DURKAN

If you have an ear artistic,
If you like a pleasing voice,
You will meet with lots of people,
Who will make your heart rejoice,
You may hear a forceful speaker
In most any hall;
But when talking is required,
Mayor Durkan beats them all.

You are rather fond of reason,
And of reasoning men, you say;
Well you're apt to find some scattered
More or less along the way;
For we all know brainy people,
Though their number may be small;
But when logic is required,
Mayor Durkan beats them all.

I am sure you like live wires,
And it does you good to meet
With a chap so dead in earnest,
That the grass can't touch his feet,
Wide awake and cheerful workers,
You will find both great and small;
But when skill is to be measured
Mayor Durkan beats them all.

He is honorable and honest,
To the poor man's interest true;
And he is the greatest terror
That the grafters ever knew.
Gold nor silver cannot buy him
For the right he'll stand or fall,
And when justice is in question
Mayor Durkan beats them all.

GOD'S PRIEST

We knew you as a loyal friend,
Just, patriotic, brave,
One who would sacrifice his life
Another's life to save.
But now we know you as a priest
To you we may confide
The welfare of immortal souls
For whom the God Man died.

We see in you another Paul
To spread abroad God's glory,
Another John to iterate
The gospel's sweetest story,
Another Christ to multiply
For us the Sacred Feast
To wash the sin stains from our souls,
For now you are God's priest.

AT FATHER LALLY'S TOMB

Rejoice, O heart of Wilmington!

Your kindness is repaid;
The relics of a saint beneath
This willow tree are laid.

Rejoice, O heart of Wilmington!

Your soil is sanctified;
But old Saint Joseph's grieves because
Her prayers have been denied.

She grieves because the tomb of him,
Once deemed her very own,
Should be so far from those who long
His sterling worth have known.

But though you hide his relics here
Mid statues fair and flowers,
The memory of his holy life,
O Wilmington, is ours.

You knew him not in his fair youth
When filled with fiery zeal,
He drew cold hearts to Christ and made
The fervent still more leal.

God-like, but oh! so human, too;
Most humble yet sublime:
With him to dazzling heights of faith
Our feeble minds could climb.

An unpretentious orator,
At will he swayed the throng;
We laughed with him, we wept with him,
Loved good and hated wrong.

In all our joys he, too, rejoiced
And in our deepest grief
The sympathy of his strong heart
Failed not to bring relief.

A Winters tells you of his work;
In glowing words he paints
The picture of a grand career
Co-equal with the saints.

His is not fulsome eulogy;
And could O'Reilly speak,
He, too, would sound abroad his praise
In language far from weak.

The memory of his every word
Saint Joseph's still reveres;
The grand example of his life
Was hers for forty years.

Unparalleled devotion from
The one who loved him best,
Here made the closing of his life
An evening of sweet rest.

The heart of Connelly clung to him
And fondly sympathized
With every tender memory
The old apostle prized.

Here will this loyal kinsman kneel
Oft times at evening fall,
And think with pride of our dear saint
Who won the heart of all.

And gentle nuns will teach the youth
He loved so tenderly
To pray beside his marble tomb
Beneath the willow tree.

Then keep his relics, Wilmington,
We welcome Heaven's will;
For Father Lally's spirit lives
In old Saint Joseph's still.

TO A BRIDE

May He who blessed the marriage feast
At Cana long ago,
On this your holy wedding-day,
His choicest gifts bestow.

PRIDE OF PERU

Light of America! Pride of Peru!
Blest be the land where this lovely Rose grew!
Lima can boast of none fairer than thou,
Queen of the cloister, before thee we bow.
Well may Peru still remember with pride
Angels proclaimed thee their King's lovely bride.

Chosen by God as the Rose of His Heart,
Teach us, thy clients, love's beautiful art;
Teach us to build in our hearts a pure throne
Where this great Monarch may reign there alone.
Teach us to love Him as thou didst, sweet Rose,
Always to find in His Heart our repose.

OPAQUE

He read in her presence: it wasn't polite,
And so she just purposely stood in his light.
"A much better door than a window you'd make,"
He said, "Miss Eileen, do you know you're opaque?"
Her face flushed as bright as a cup of red wine,
"Don't call me opaque, Mr. Thomas O'Brien."
Master Thomas stood up and the paper fell down:
"There isn't a man or a woman in town
Who doesn't know well that the fault isn't mine,
That instead of opaque I can't call you O'Brien."

THE ARCHBALD SPIRIT

(Reverently inscribed to "Father Tom")

Every town and every hamlet
Has a spirit all its own,
Has a living, deathless spirit
That belongs to it alone;
And the citizens who dwell there
By this spirit shall be known.

Though we know the angel's beauty
Human art cannot portray,
Men have imaged them on canvas
In their own weak mortal way.
Would someone could paint the spirit
Of a dear old town today!

Could someone with brush or pencil
Make us really visualize,
Archbald's Spirit as we know it,
Could it fail to please our eyes?
Placed in any competition
Would it not receive the prize?

God must love the Archbald Spirit,
Free and friendly, just and kind,
Humorous, but not sarcastic,
To the faults of others blind,—
Just the very kind of spirit
This old world is glad to find.

A COMMUNION PRAYER TO MARY

O Mary dear, your heart rejoiced
When shepherds came to see
And worship the sweet Infant Whom
You loved so tenderly.

And when the holy Magi came
You welcomed them with joy
And gratefully accepted all
They brought your precious Boy.

O Mary, when today before
The altar-rail I kneel
To meet sweet Jesus, you will share
The joy my heart must feel.

But e'er He comes, my Mother dear,
Please help me to prepare
This heart, that it may be for Him
A cradle pure and fair.

May I not hope that you will come
To help me entertain
Your Holy Child, and plead with Him
Still longer to remain?

O, teach me how I may obtain
His favors for my friends—
To pay my debt of gratitude
My heart on Him depends.

Help me to listen reverently
To all that He will say,
And suffer naught to mar the joy
Of my Communion Day.

SAINT CHRISTOPHER

Great patron of tourists,
Christ Bearer, we pray
That you will protect us
And guide us this day.

Be with us dear pilot,
And with your strong arm
Ward off every danger
And shield us from harm.

On your devotion
The Christ Child relied;
You lovingly bore Him
Safe over the tide.

For his sake all pilgrims
Were favored by you;
Great Titan of Christians,
O care for us too.

SEAT OF WISDOM

When doubts obscure God's sunlight
 Our hearts will turn to you,
 O Mary, Seat of Wisdom;
 Then let your smile shine through.

When others come for guidance
 Who fain would walk aright,
 O Seat of Wisdom, show us
 Your clear, unerring light.

When by the way uncertain
 And sick at heart we stand,
 O Mary, Seat of Wisdom,
 Reach down and clasp our hand.

We cannot stray from Jesus
 While we walk by your side;
 O Mary, Seat of Wisdom,
 Forever be our guide.

EASTER DAY

The winter snows have vanished,
The grass and trees are green;
The flowers in Easter dresses
Add beauty to the scene,
And all the silvery streamlets
That play around the leas
Laugh out to see the lilies
Coquetting in the breeze.

A million merry songsters
Along the hedges throng,
And high above the others
We hear the robin's song.
The April sunlight glitters
Like gold across the lake;
The chiming of the church bells
All languid souls awake.

O why should we be silent?
Or why should we be sad?
The skies are bright above us,
And all the world is glad.
Then bury all dissension
And cast all fears away;
Thank God that we are living,
And this is Easter Day.

MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY

The festal that I love is here,
Your natal day,
And on your brow, my mother dear,
This crown I lay.
My own sweet queen, you now shall reign
From morn till eve,
And all I have or can obtain,
You shall receive.
No earthly gift, my queen desires ;
Full well I know
That all her happiness requires
From God must flow.
His gifts are all at my command,
For I believe
He longs to give ; I ask Him, and
Forthwith receive.
Then what you most desire, express,
And I shall pray
That it and all that's good shall bless
Your natal day.

HE IS RISEN

Triumphant Alleluias
 Resound throughout the skies;
From earth's remotest corner,
 The thrilling notes arise.
The birds in every forest
 Take up the joyous song,
And every stream and streamlet
 The melody prolong:
He is risen! He is risen!
 Let it echo near and far;
Christ has triumphed, death is conquered,
 Heaven's portals stand ajar.

The fragrant Easter lilies
 Their glowing faces raise,
And from their hearts waft skyward
 The incense of sweet praise.
Before the early dawning
 Had tipped their rims with gold,
The zephyr, sweeping downward,
 The Easter tidings told:
"Then awake, awake, fair lilies!
 Let all thy censers swing;
He is risen! He is risen!
 Death is conquered, Christ is King!"

SHE AND I

Now, this is the way
She was dressed the day
That she and I went out to play:
In a gown of blue
That was far from new,
And a brown straw hat that was shabby too;
Unribboned her hair,
Her feet were bare—
But she didn't mind, and I didn't care.

And this is the way
That she looked the day
That she and I went out to play:
Each cheek like a rose,
A wee freckled nose,
A strawberry mouth, as one might suppose;
She was blue-eyed and fair
Bright red was her hair—
But she didn't mind, and I didn't care.

And this is the way
That she talked the day
That she and I went out to play:
"Let me be the queen
On this throne of green,
And you play the clown we saw in the scene."
Now some may declare
The game wasn't fair—
But she didn't mind, and I didn't care.

And even today
The same game we play,
The queen gives the orders, the clown has to play,
And now she is dressed
In the richest and best,
That her hat is a wonder is freely confessed,
My friends all declare
That the game isn't fair—
But she doesn't mind, and why should I care?

TO A NOVICE

The richest robe that e'er was worn
By any earthly queen,
With priceless jewels glittering from
Each fold of costly sheen,
Could never tempt the loyal child
Of Heaven's Queen to part,
From this blue livery that marks
The Servants of her Heart.

And oh! may you who now receive
Her holy habit here,
Revere and cherish it through life
And count naught else more dear.
Yes, glory in the robe you wear,
Thrice happy little nun,
The Servant of Christ's Mother and
The Bride of her dear Son.

GOD REWARD THE DOCTOR

May God reward the doctor
Who is the slave of all;
In daylight and in darkness,
He answers every call.
No time for relaxation
Has he, no time for rest,
And yet how few are ready
To rise and call him blest.

May God reward the doctor!
His aid to all extends,
The weak and the repulsive
He willingly befriends.
He shuns no hopeless cases
To shield his own good name,
Though when death claims its victim,
The doctor gets the blame.

May God reward the doctor
Whose sympathetic voice,
Whose smile so bright and kindly
Can make the sick rejoice.
Saints Damian and Cosmas
Unite with us and pray,
The debt we owe the doctor
Our just God will repay.

THE HEART OF MARY'S SON

The Heart that loved me first, I love,
The Heart of Mary's Son,
Who thought of me and cared for me
Long ere life had begun;
The Heart that looked from Calvary
Adown the weary years,
To mark if I would pity Him,
Would share with Him my tears.
O changeless Heart of Mary's Son,
Behold the heart that you have won!
Sweet home of Peace, Love's fountain-head,
Apart from Thee all joy is dead.

The Heart of Mary's Son, I love.
Her Son, Who understands
As no one else, the heart I give
To Him through Mary's hands.
Though others may misjudge and doubt
To Him all things are known;
He reads the secrets of the heart
That throbs for Him alone.
O changeless Heart of Mary's Son,
Behold the heart that you have won!
Sweet home of Peace, Love's fountain-head,
Apart from Thee all joy is dead.

TO MRS. M. J. S.

Bright as the Seraph pure that bows
Before the throne of light,
O happy soul, you stand arrayed
In fair Baptismal white.

Were it not for the bonds of clay
That hold you captive here,
All unabashed you might this day
Before your God appear.

But He would test your love still more
In exile let you live,
Till of your loyalty to Him
Still greater proofs you give.

O may your fair Baptismal robe
Unsullied still remain,
Until you stand before His throne
Without a blot or stain.

TO LAURENCE

May Jesus on your wedding day,
His richest gifts impart;
And may he keep you and your bride
Close to His Sacred Heart.

TO FIRST COMMUNICANTS

Long years ago in Bethlehem
When Jesus was a Child,
And nestled in the tender arms
Of Mary, undefiled,
A shepherd's little daughter came
To see God's lovely Boy,
And soon the stable cave became
Her one great source of joy.

One day the Child was so entranced
By Jesus' baby charms
That she pleaded for permission
To hold Him in her arms.
Then Mother Mary looked at her
With pleasure in her face,
As reverently the maiden clasped
The Child in fond embrace.

With ever growing love and joy
She pressed Him to her heart,
And fondly whispered, "Jesus dear,
How kind and sweet Thou art!"
And Mary whispered to her, "Child,
Ask Jesus for the grace
Your own young heart with all its hopes
Within His Heart to place."

Ask Him to bless and shield from harm
Those who are dear to you;
All that you ask for He will give.”
And Mary’s words were true.
With trusting heart the little maid
The promises believed;
And great and wondrous were the gifts
Which she that day received.

Dear little First Communicants,
Such favors wait for you;
For in your souls you soon will hold
The Child of Mary too;
And when the vested priest draws near
To place Him in your heart,
Then whisper like the Hebrew maid
“Jesus, how sweet Thou art!”

Oh, ask our Blessed Mother now,
To teach you what to say
To her dear little Jesus on
Your first Communion Day.
I know she will remind you then
To pray for everyone;
Whoever tried to teach you how
To love her precious Son.

You cannot dwell on earthly thoughts
While she is near to you:
You'll pray for your dear parents and
For other loved ones, too.
Then, little first communicants,
Will you not ask that I—
That all of us may have the grace
In Jesus' arms to die?

CARBONDALE

Again I hail sweet Carbondale
Where once my heart found peace and pleasure
Again I raise my eyes to gaze
On scenes my soul will ever treasure.
O good Saint Rose, your fond heart knows
How vividly I still remember,
The friends so dear who taught me here,
The friends I left one bright September.
Again I hail sweet Carbondale
And many friendly voices greet me;
But oh! I miss in times like this,
Those who no more on earth shall meet me.
How small has grown the band well known,
Well loved in happy days departed;
More dear they are today by far,
For time has proved them loyal-hearted.

ON GOLGOTHA

If I had stood on Golgotha
That sad, sweet day,
Had heard the blood from God's kind heart
Drop on the clay,
Should I have died of grief, or turned
Griefless away?

If I had stood on Golgotha
The day He died,
Should I have been with Magdalen
At Mary's side,
Or with the cruel crowd that mocked
Him crucified?

My soul, where dost thou stand today?
What dost thou do?
Art thou like John and Magdalen
Still firm and true,
Or for some selfish gain, wouldst thou
His death renew?

"They know not what they do," He said;
And had they known,
They might have loved Him more than thou,
More kindness shown.
Thou often hast and often may
Thy King disown.

Then go, my soul, to Golgotha,
And on that steep
With Mary and the faithful few
Thy vigil keep;
And lest thou fail again, stay there
And pray and weep.

EASTER MORNING EARLY

The sun was dancing in the sky
On Easter morning early;
A little lamb got up and brushed
His coat so soft and curly,
And as he sallied out to get
Some dainty April clover,
He met a rabbit, dressed in white,
With pink ears lopping over.

“A joyous Easter!” cried the lamb;
“The same to you!” said Bunny,
Then added, “Don’t you think the sun
Is acting very funny?”
The two stood still and watched old Sol;
It really was entrancing
To see him in the eastern sky
On Easter morning dancing.

And soon a gosling came along
In wond'rous green attire,
The very kind of Easter suit
The English now admire.
And with the gosling was a chick,
Arrayed in fluffy yellow,
You take my word, he really was
A darling little fellow.

Then on the hilltop stood the four,
Chick, gosling, lamb and bunny;
They wouldn't miss the fun they had
For any sum of money.
But you, my boy, were fast asleep,
And so were you, my girly;
How could you see the bright sun dance
On Easter morning early?

MARRIAGE GREETINGS

May the holy Guests of Cana,
Sweet Jesus and His Mother,
On this day bestow a blessing
Surpassing every other:
May they change life's tasteless water
Into life-giving wine,
May they make all love that's human
Eternal and divine.

LONG ISLAND'S WINTER DRESS

Beautiful is old Long Island
When in winter garb arrayed;
Wonderful the transformation
Of each grand old grove and glade.

Every hill and every valley
Wears a mantle dazzling white,
And a spotless carpet covers
Ice-bound streams and lakes from sight.

Fairy-like the winter frettings
That bedeck the bosky lea;
Heaven-like the decorations
That transform each swaying tree.

Summer in her golden glory
Shows us nothing half so fine
As the snow-adorned old cedar,
Arbor-vitae, spruce and pine.

Now the holly berries glisten,
And the red poinsettas glow
Bright in every shining casement
Through which strains of music flow.

Though in road, in lane and by-way
Banks of snow o'erflow the walls,
Still we meet with merry gatherings
In the homesteads and the halls.

For the happy-hearted sportsmen
On their snow-shoes or on skis,
Come along to sing the praises
Of the splendid snow-clad trees.

But, alas! for luckless tourists,
For the lovers of the sleigh,
And for all who do not relish
Fair obstructions in their way.

Such as these can see no beauty
In Long Island's robe of white.
Pity them and all who like them
Suffer from defective sight.

Go and tell them that in Heaven
There are scenes like this, we know,
Else the angels would fly earthward
When Long Island vests in snow.

ACROSTICS

AGATHA.

Agatha is merry,
Generous, and very
Affectionate and kind,
Thoughtful, sweet, forgiving,
Happy, hopeful, living
According to God's mind.

THE WILKES-BARRE SQUARE

If you come out with me
When the weather is fair,
Pleasant sights you will see
On the Wilkes-Barre Square.

No old women you'll meet;
They are all young and fair
And remarkably sweet
On the Wilkes-Barre Square.

Now the skirts are all short,
And so also, the hair,
For Dame Fashion holds court
On the Wilkes-Barre Square.

The old lady so kind
That I used to meet there,
I no longer can find
On the Wilkes-Barre Square.

You may think it a joke,
But I really declare,
That I miss the old folk
On the Wilkes-Barre Square.

TO A BABY

Welcome to this world of ours,
Little one!
'Tis a land of thorns and flowers,
Shade and sun;
But I trust that you will ever
Gather flowers and endeavor
To walk always in God's bright
Wholesome light.

With unfeigned delight I greet you,
And I pray
You may cheer the souls who meet you
On life's way.
May you be to all a pleasure,
Be in truth a God-sent treasure!
May there mingle no alloy
With your joy!

Little One, may Heaven bless you
Every day!
May God's holy love possess you!
Thus I pray.
If the touchstone in the story
Of your life is God's great glory,
He will be your heart's best Friend
At the end.

A MUSICAL EVENT

At early dawn, the other day,
In that old tree across the way
A musical event occurred :
'Twas managed by a mocking bird
Who advertised a concert there,
And every bird from everywhere
Came flocking to the apple tree
To help along the minstrelsy.

Fair birds of every hue and size
That Audubon might recognize.
Lark, robin, wren and bobolink
Were at their very best I think.
The oriole, in colors gay,
The swallow, fallow-chat and jay,
The whip-poor-will, the chickadee,
Bluebird and sparrow graced that tree.

They all looked down at me, and bowed
So gaily that I laughed out loud.
And then a very ecstasy
Of music broke from that old tree.
Those liquid notes, so sweet and clear
Would charm the most exacting ear ;
And though their audience was poor
They sang their very best, I'm sure.

But to my grief, a sudden change
Made all the music wild and strange.
A feline fiend, unknown to me
Had slyly climbed the apple tree,
And when they saw the fearful thing
The lovely singers all took wing;
And I am not afraid to bet
That some of them are flying yet.

THE HOLLY BERRY SEASON

Hail the holly berry season!
Now the old world thrills with joy,
Naught can dim the Christmas brightness,
Naught its gladness can destroy.

Hail the holly berry season!
Hear once more the angel's song;
O'er the listening snow-clad mountains
Rings the anthem sweet and strong.

Hail the holly berry season!
God is with us, all is well,
May the Christmas peace and gladness
In our hearts forever dwell.

LITTLE FLOWER OF JESUS

O little flower of Jesus,
O blossom pure and fair,
You flourished in the sunshine
Of God's all-loving care
And pleased Him with the fragrance
Of your sweet artless prayer.

Confidingly, sweet Flower,
You sought to be His bride;
No earthly charms had power
To draw you from His side;
With Him and with Him only
Your pure heart could abide.

Look down today, from Heaven
On those who seek to be
The spouses of the Bridegroom
You loved so tenderly;
Let fall on them the roses
Of love and loyalty.

They have, like you, the courage
To choose the "better part,"
Teach them, O winsome maiden,
The sweet and holy art
Of doing all things solely
To please His Sacred Heart.

O pray that from love's fetters
They'll never seek release,
O pray that their devotion
May constantly increase
Until the smile of Mary
Floods their pure souls with peace.

LUCKY CHUBBY LUCKENBACH

Who is this favorite little chap
That sleeps and wakes in Plenty's lap,
The button on fair Fortune's cap?
Lucky Chubby Luckenbach.

Who comes along like dawn of day
To scatter sunshine on the way,
More welcome than the smile of May?
Lucky Chubby Luckenbach.

He is an angel in disguise
With Heaven's gladness in his eyes;
In Beauty's school he'll take the prize,
Lucky Chubby Luckenbach.

He is a blessing now, and pray
That such he'll be through life's long fray,
That to the end all men may say,
Lucky Chubby Luckenbach.

THE MAID OF TOULOUSE

We hail thee sweet shepherdess, Maid of Toulouse,
So child-like and yet so divine;
Privation and sorrow but served to produce
More love in that pure heart of thine.

CHORUS

Sweet Maid of Toulouse,
No ancient recluse
Was dearer to Jesus than thou;
O holy Germaine
We trust not in vain
To offer our prayers to thee now.

Oft leaving thy flock on the wolf-haunted hills
In care of the Shepherd Divine
Unharm'd thou didst pass through the meres and the rills
To hear holy Mass in the shrine.

CHORUS

Though great was the suffering and bitter the grief
Dear Saint, thou didst have to endure
Thou didst tender to all in affliction relief
And ever befriended the poor.

CHORUS

LITTLE BUBBLES LUCKENBACH

Little "Bubbles" Luckenbach,
 How good it is to see
 That thy rank nor fame hath not
 Contrived to weaken thee,
 That thy mission is to cheer
 And hearten souls like me.

Little "Bubbles" Luckenbach,
 The flowers of the field
 Bloom and die, unconscious of
 The pleasure that they yield;
 But thy power to scatter joy
 From thee is not concealed.

Little "Bubbles" Luckenbach,
 The world is at thy feet;
 Thou wilt be admired and praised
 By all whom thou wilt meet,
 May thy heart, despite all this,
 Remain childlike and sweet.

Little "Bubbles" Luckenbach,
 Within thine eyes I see
 Promises of noble deeds,
 And loyal constancy.
 Thou wilt purify and save
 The throngs that follow thee.

SAINT BRIGID

O, light of old Kill-darra,
All honor to thy name!
Saint Brigid, pride of Erin,
Thy glory we proclaim.

Not for thy won'drous learning,
Great patroness of art,
Does Christian Ireland cherish
Thy name within her heart.

Thy works of zeal were countless,
Thy miracles renowned,
But more we prize the virtues
That in thy soul were found.

So Mary-like in pity,
So tender and so kind;
The sorrowful will ever
In thee a refuge find.

Thou who didst cling to Jesus
With deathless, thrilling love,
O teach us how to value
His heart all else above!

Yea, teach us how to suffer
As thou didst for his sake,
For Jesus' cause and glory,
Each sacrifice to make.

HEART OF JESUS

Patient Heart of my sweet Jesus,
Sacred source of grace divine;
Thou art waiting here to welcome,
Weak and restless hearts like mine.
Victim of a love so wond'rous,
That it holds thee captive here;
Watching for my tardy coming,
O forgive me, Jesus dear!

Ever patient Heart of Jesus,
I have come to thee at last;
Praying that Thou wilt forgive me
All the coldness of the past.
Praying Thou wilt ever keep me,
Close to Thee, sweet Sacred Heart;
Never more to find my pleasure,
Jesus, only where Thou art.

BRIGID.

Brigid is a noble name,
Round it clings immortal fame;
Ireland is a source of light
Guided by this virgin bright;
Ignorance in sheer defeat
Dies away at Brigid's feet.

A SOCIAL AFFAIR

(Lovingly inscribed to the Little Girl who likes me second best)

Miss Mousey said she'd entertain
On Wednesday if it didn't rain,
 She sent her invitations out
 To all the neighbors round about.
Her own house was so very small
It wouldn't hold the guests at all,
 She spread the feast beneath a tree,
 And 'twas a goodly sight to see,
Miss Mousey knew that it would please
For most of it was bread and cheese.

At first appeared Miss Owl in grey
And Butterfly, extremely gay;
 The next to come was Bumble-bee
 And he went buzzing round the tree.
Then Frog leaped in, in green and white,
To tell fish stories all the night,
 His voice was just a little hoarse,
 But no one minded that, of course;
Miss Lizard came in brilliant red,
And Rat in drab from tail to head.

Old Fox and Woodchuck, too, were there,
The Lady Coon and Doctor Hare.

Miss Squirrel and Chipmunk came along,
And Nightingale to sing a song.

Then who should come but Coleman's dog
And seat himself upon a log.

Miss Mousey feared he'd raise a row
But he just smiled and said "Bow wow."

A Cat named Sam with a violin
Announced that dancing should begin.

The air was cool, the moon was bright,
The young folk danced till broad daylight.
When sunrise tinged the eastern sky.
They all shook hands and said good-bye;
Then Sam the Cat came home, you see,
And told the whole affair to me.

TO SISTER MATILDA

May every holy angel
Bring something good to thee
May all the saints send graces
To bless your jubilee!
Oh! May the Queen of Heaven
No gift you ask withhold
And may sweet Jesus crown you
With Love's immortal gold!

GLORIOUS SAINT JOSEPH

Ever glorious Saint Joseph,
 Low we bow before thy shrine;
Foster-father of our Saviour,
 Mary's spouse, our hearts are thine.
Jesus and His Mother loved thee,
 In thee fondly placed their trust;
Well they knew thy worth and wisdom,
 Well they knew thy heart was just.
Ever it was Jesus' pleasure
 Thee to honor and obey,
Ask Him to look kindly on us,
 Plead our cause with Him today.

Ever glorious Saint Joseph,
 Oft He nestled in thy arms,
While the angels thronged around thee,
 Wondering at His baby charms.
He at Bethlehem and Nazareth
 Answered lovingly thy call,
And we know that next to Mary
 Jesus loved thee best of all.
Be our advocate Saint Joseph,
 In thy hands our cause we place;
For we know that God will answer
 When through thee we seek His grace.

THE SHAMROCK

Come and look at my treasure. I found it today
Away down in the shady ravine;
From the cold winds of March it was nestled away,
This fair shamrock of true Irish green.
I have culled it for one who will prize it full well,
One who loves every shamrock on earth;
And the stories are sweet that this trefoil will tell
Of the lovely green land of his birth.

But to sorrow akin are the joys of the old,
And the shamrock I fear will recall
All the golden days past, and the hearts still and cold
That he once thought the warmest of all.
He will bless the fond hand that this treasure bestows,
Yet I know that his eye will grow dim;
For the shamrock now grows on the graves that enclose
Those dear hearts that were loyal to him.

Still, as green is the emblem of Hope, I shall trust
It will speak to his heart of the time
He will meet in the beautiful land of the just
Those he loved in his own native clime.
We are all on the very same road that they trod,
Those heart-cheering smiles we now miss;
But the shamrocks grow green in the garden of God,
Where they wait for our coming in bliss.

ELIZABETH ALICE

God bless our Elizabeth Alice!

A gentle, sweet woman is she;
And never a queen in her palace
More graciously kind could be.

There may be a face you think fairer,
A voice that you deem is more clear,
But never has either been rarer,
Nor either been half so dear.

It is not the perfect complexion
Nor classical features we prize,
Oh, no! 'tis the soul, whose reflection
Shines out of her timid dark eyes.

'Tis white as the lily's pure chalice,
And warm as the sun's fruitful rays,
This heart of Elizabeth Alice,
A heart that cares naught for my praise.

A heart that has sympathized ever
With others in joy and in grief,
That throbs with the constant endeavor
To bring to the needy relief.

May she e'er be a stranger to malice,
To her may deceit be unknown—
God bless our Elizabeth Alice,
And keep her heart close to His own.

EASTER ON THE FARM

Though the Easter time is always bright,
It had a greater charm
In the golden days of long ago,
When we were on the farm.
How the Easter bells ring sweet and clear,
The lilies blossom white;
But the bells were sweeter on the farm,
The flowers still more bright.

Though the Easter time abounds with joy,
It isn't quite the same;
There was something in the old-time joy,
That seems to have no name.
And the glory of those early days
Can never be surpassed—
But we know that all would cling to life,
If youth and health could last.

Oh! the memory of those morning rides
Across the wooded hill,
To the old Saint Francis Xavier Church
Is dearest to me still!
For we rode with them, the loyal friends,
Who made the wondrous charm
Of the Easter days so long ago,
When we were on the farm.

THE HEMPSTEAD HOUSE ESTATE

I contemplate the glories
Of the Hempstead House Estate,
And find myself repeating,
"Surely Heaven must be great."
The all divine Designer
Can excel a scene like this;
But it is equalled only
In the land of endless bliss.

Then come with me and wander
Through the fairest land on earth,
And if you are not soulless,
You will realize its worth.
We'll pass the stately castle,
Cross the Rhododendron drive,
And seek the fragrant gardens
Where the countless roses thrive.

We'll view the granite lodges,
Courses, bridges, drives and caves,
The dock and winding sea wall
Where the restless ocean waves.
The massive gray stone stables,
Where fair, swift horses dwell;
The cow-barn, roost and sheep-fold
Will our admiration swell.

Down bridle paths we'll wander
And explore the mystic cave,
Admiring distant woodlands
And the flags that proudly wave.
In aviaries splendid,
All made vocal by the song
Of birds with wondrous plumage,
We would gladly linger long.

But something more attractive
Is awaiting over there,
Glad welcomes from the kennels,
Are resounding through the air;
And on the restful pasture,
Fair, contented cattle graze,
That raise their heads to greet us,
With a mild and gentle gaze.

But find we such in Heaven,
Well, our nurse girl told me so,
When I wore kilts and ringlets,
In the sweet long, long ago.
St. George's famous charger,
And St. Bernard's noble pet,
The cattle in the manger—
She expects to see them yet.

But if you are a skeptic
And refuse to see in these
A heavenly resemblance,
I can still your fancy please;
For often in the sunlight,
Yes, and in the twilight late,
I've seen some "angels" wand-ring
Round the Hempstead House Estate.

A JUBILEE BLOSSOM

One little blossom
Permit us to place
In the fair garland
Intended to grace
Your glad jubilee;
All fragrant and rare
Is this sweet garland
Of heart-fervent prayer.
One little blossom
All glistening with dew,
One aspiration
We offer for you:
Sweet Heart of Jesus,
On this jubilee
Draw our dear Sisters
Still closer to Thee!

To M. J. R.

The eloquence of childhood prayers
 I never knew until
 I heard a dying boy pray thus,
 With gratitude athrill:

“O, God, be good to every one
 Who has been good to me;
 And be as good to him, dear Lord,
 As You know how to be!

“Hear all the prayers of each kind soul
 That thinks of me in prayer!
 May those who have been friends of mine
 Your own sweet friendship share!”

He was a little cripple boy
 Who had been ever such.
 And many sympathized with him
 For he had suffered much.

But O, my friend! none did for him
 One half so much as you
 Have done for me. A heart so kind
 As yours, he never knew.

I knelt there listening to his prayer,
 Still mindful of the debt
 That I am powerless to pay
 And you bid me forget.

But though my heart would fain comply
With any wish of yours,
The memory of Gratitude
Eternally endures.

All men must turn in loathing from
The human heart that can
Forget the benefits bestowed
By God or fellow man.

Long I had pondered how I might
Requite in some degree,
The kindness and encouragement
You freely gave to me.

But since I heard that dying prayer,
I'm satisfied to let
The good God pay, just as He will
And when He will, that debt.

And constantly I pray for you
As that sweet child taught me:
"Oh! be as good to him, dear Lord,
As You know how to be."

THE STORY-TELLER

He was not a famous singer, he could dance with little grace,
And his playing, all admitted, was extremely commonplace;
But I can assure you, stranger, if you did not know before,
Chris Macomb could tell a story that would make you long
for more.

Seated in the Judge's parlor, propped about with cushions
fair,
Or enthroned down in the smithy, on a paintless wooden
chair,
He could hold his listeners spellbound for a month of days
or more;
And he always told you something that you never heard
before.

Somehow he secured your interest and he held it from the
start,
And he likewise, somehow, managed to secure and hold your
heart;
He could make you love his hero and his heroine adore,
He could make you hate a villain as you never did before.

As he neared the thrilling climax you would hold your very
breath,
And your own life gladly forfeit to prevent the hero's death.
Peradventure you were laughing 'ere the very worst was
o'er—
Tears and laughter alternating—that is why you longed for
more.

And there was a certain something in each story that he told,
Drawing souls to God as lambkins are enticed into a fold.
No one dreamed that he was preaching, dreamed what he
 was working for ;
They just knew Macomb told stories that would make you
 long for more.

Chris Macomb has gone to Heaven: surely he was welcome
 there,
For his friends were glad to see him any time and any where.
I doubt not the joy of Heaven is increased a little more—
Chris Macomb is telling stories never heard up there before.

A JUBILEE GIFT

If an angel should offer to grant one gift,
 One precious gift to me ;
And I knew the one grace that would crown with joy,
 Your Silver Jubilee ;
If I knew what you need to complete your bliss,
 To what your hopes aspire,
I would claim this fair gift that your heart might have
 Its one supreme desire ;
If the angel appears, and I trust it will,
 I know what I shall do,
I shall ask for the Key of the Sacred Heart
 And give this key to you.

OLD DAYS

Forget the dreamy past, you say;
Think not of days departed,
Cease to lament for absent friends,
The loyal and kind-hearted;
Destroy the relics that I prize,
Keep not a faded flow'r
That might distract the heart or mind
From this, the present hour.

Forget the dreamy past, you say?
Forget the scenes of childhood,
The hill, the grove, the grassy vale,
And lake and stream and wildwood;
Forget the winding way o'er which
I often rode, together
With him who taught my soul to love
Each separate spray of heather.

With him who quoted Scottish bards
When crossing o'er the mountain,
Or softly sang some Celtic lay
While resting near the fountain.
Forget that voice—my father's voice,
So soothing and so cheerful,
Opposed, as sunlight is to night,
To all that's sad or fearful.

And do you bid me dream no more
Of my own gentle mother?
Know you such dreams are fraught with joy,
Surpassing every other?
Nay, do not tell me to forget
The lessons that she taught me,
Nor to forget the dear old days
With all the good they brought me.

I do not claim my past knew naught
Save days of sunny weather—
Though I rejoiced with those I loved,
We oft times mourned together;
But when a grief is past and gone
Its memory is pleasant:
Then let the Spirit of the Past
Still permeate the present.

TO MICHAEL

In gratitude we fondly pray,
That God your kindness will repay
A hundred, thousand fold,
With joys that ever will increase,
Contentment, love and holy peace,
More precious far than gold.

CIVILIZATION

If civilization means columns of stone,
And means nothing more, I am ready to own
I'd rather walk over a stream on a log,
And live in a hut where the natives love God.

If great ocean liners and dark submarines
And motors and air-ships, death-dealing machines,
If these spell the word—oh, then let us pray
That civilization will wither away.

We've telephone systems and radios, too ;
And yet we are forced to admit it is true
That seldom a message of love or of praise
Is sent to our God in these civilized days.

When schools breed dissension, and warfare and greed
And graft and injustice and hatred of creed ,
Then perish all science and perish all art
That seeks to drive God from the home and the heart.

UP THE SUSQUEHANNA

Yes, I know you value beauty,
And appreciate the flow'rs
That are blooming in abundance
In this wond'rous world of ours;
But you have not yet discovered,
I may venture to presume,
That 'tis up the Susquehanna
Where the fairest flowers bloom.

You have gathered fruit in June time,
Rich and ripe and rosy, too,
And no doubt you thought its equal
On this fair earth never grew;
Well, my friend, I do not blame you,
For of course, you could not know,
That 'tis up the Susquehanna
Where the reddest berries grow.

Now, God's sun cannot be partial,
When it smiles on all the earth;
Yet to each it beams the brightest
O'er the land of his own birth.
I have traveled to the eastward,
I have traveled in the West,
But 'tis up the Susquehanna
That I find the sun shines best.

You admire Christian virtue
In a maiden, I am sure.
Those who, like the Easter lily,
Breathe a fragrance sweet and pure,
By the brave the noble-hearted
Are respected near and far;
Ah! 'tis up the Susquehanna
Where the sweetest maidens are.

You are fond of honest dealing,
And your heart goes out to those
Who would scorn to take advantage
Of a neighbor, I suppose;
And you never feel distrustful
When you know the folks are fair—
Just go up the Susquehanna
And you'll find such people there.

TO ANASTASIA

May the Christmas angels sing you
Sweet canticles of peace;
May the Christmas joy they bring you
Eternally increase!

This is the wish we send you,
This is the prayer we say,
May all that's good attend you
This blessed Christmas Day!

A WELCOME

If you hail from Little Meadows,
You are welcome here, good friend,
With the quality of welcome
That the warmest hearts extend,
With the quantity of welcome
That will never know an end.

If you hail from Little Meadows,
You have seen the friends I know,
And the scenes through which I wandered
In the golden long ago;
In the peaceful little valley,
Where the pine and elm grow.

If you hail from Little Meadows,
Surely, surely you have seen
Somewhere there a little maiden,
Fairer than a dryad queen,
Who is very fond of walking
By the willow-girdled stream.

If you hail from Little Meadows,
And some tidings thence you bring,
You are welcome as the flowers
In the very dawn of spring;
Yes, thank God, you bear a message,—
Wide for you the portals swing.

SISTER M. STELLA

(Died January 31, 1912)

They tell me that she died today,
The alien's friend, the gentle nun,
Who gladly wore the crown of thorns
Until the golden crown was won.
She died today; yea, and she died
Each day for many years,
But until now I saw no friend
Bend over her in tears.

She labored long on Calvary,
Spouse of the Crucified;
And now why weep that she has met
The Bridegroom glorified.
Why shed these useless tears for her
Whose triumph was complete,
Who conquered bravely every foe,
And never feared defeat?

Self confident? Nay, in that heart
There was no single trace
Of human pride; but oh! how great
Her trust in God's free grace.
Sweet model of humility,
Well fitted to advise,
To grasp the truths that baffled oft
The vain and worldly wise.

Friend of the alien, they and we
Will miss your guiding hand;
And yet, our hearts rejoice that you
Have reached the Fatherland.
For you too were an alien here
Who longed for home and rest,
Who longed to be with Him you loved
The first, the last, the best.

THE REST CURE

Yes, I must rest for six long months,
That's what the doctors said;
Or else in six short months, I'd rest
Beside the silent dead.

I must not use my eyes, they said,
Because I might go blind;
And company of any kind
Would injure me I'd find.

I could not read, I could not write,
I could not ride nor walk,
And finally they said that I
Must not attempt to talk.

When I complied with all these rules
And still my strength was sinking,
The doctors said I hurt myself,
They knew I did—by thinking.

THE SEERS OF SCRANTON

You can see more on the mountain,
But you're safer in the glen;
You can go along at random
If you feel inclined, but then
It is not an easy matter
To get on the trail again;
It is well to have some knowledge
Of the proper way to go,
It is well to watch the compass
And to march a little slow;
So the seers of Scranton tell us,
And the seers of Scranton know.

Now, it isn't Time, they tell us,
That makes everybody old,
And it isn't Time that causes
Hearts to grow unkind and cold;
But in very many cases
'Tis a fatal love of gold,
Love of fame or love of pleasure,
Or some other wretched blight,—
You cannot enjoy the daylight
If you do not sleep at night;
So the seers of Scranton tell us,
And the seers are always right.

Happiness will find a harbor
In the hearts that seek to give,
In unselfish souls that ever
For the sake of others live;
Joy slips from the egotistic
Just like water from a sieve;
Kindly hearts are golden channels
Through which wholesome blessings flow,
Humble souls are fragrant gardens,
Where the flowers of Heaven grow;
So the seers of Scranton tell us,
And the seers of Scranton know.

JUBILEE FLOWERS

My favorite flower I'm sending, ,
To grace your Jubilee;
I know you're not expecting,
A fairer gift from me.

But O, remember, darling,
With every separate rose,
A loving aspiration
To God's white altar goes.

O, may the days that wait you,
Be formed of rosy hours;
Each one as fair and fragrant,
As these fair fragrant flowers.

LITTLE CLARE

Our little Clare was young and fair
When first I saw her face;
We seldom find in one combined
Such beauty and such grace.

A winsome child both good and mild,
With honest, earnest eyes:
Her smile was bright, her heart was light,
Though she was strangely wise.

A child of prayer was little Clare
And often she was found
To kneel alone before God's throne
In reverence profound.

Though young in years, few worldly seers
Knew as she did the price
Of God's great love that rules above
All earth and Paradise.

Could we expect He would neglect
A heart so much His own?
That He would leave her here to grieve
Before His silent throne?

Too great her worth for this dark earth
In which she had no part;
'Twas meet that she herself should be
Where she had placed her heart.

BALTHASAR AT THE CRIB

"I hate the Ethiope," he said, scorn darkening his fine face,
"And you would leave your own to serve this savage negro
race?"

Well, sister mine, if you insist that you must be a nun,
Then I, too, will insist that you become a genteel one."

The young girl's eye indignant flashed, and scarlet burned her
cheek,

And yet her voice was strangely calm when she essayed to
speak:

" 'Tis King's Day, brother; now, at least, all Christians
should agree;

I go to see the Christmas Crib, and you will come with me.'

They walked in silence to the church; rebellion filled his
heart,

Because this sister he so loved preferred the "better part."
And oh! how galling was the thought that she should claim
the place

God called her to, was far from home, among a pagan race.

They knelt together at the Crib. Her soul went out in
prayer,

While he gazed angrily upon Balthasar's statue there;

But soon his own heart questioned him: "Why is it you
despise

One whom the Christ Child looks upon with tender loving
eyes?"

“Think you the wise Balthasar came an uninvited guest,
Or that he was less welcome there, less valued than the rest?”
The maiden’s prayer was answered then, in that good hour
of grace,
Her brother was relenting, yes, she saw it in his face.

At length he turned and whispered low, “This surely is
‘Black Art,’
For that dark statue near the crib, is getting at my heart;
Do as you will, my sister dear, I’ll not oppose your plan,
Perhaps God really wants you to serve this Balthasar’s clan.”

One King’s Day long years after this, we find these two once
more;
Both working hard to save men’s souls, upon an alien shore.
“I thank the Christ Child every day,” she said, “for bringing
you.”
The young priest answered: “Don’t forget to thank
Balthasar too.”

SISTER JEROME

There was light in her eye, there was hope in her voice,
And a joy in her heart-winning smile,
And I felt my faith strengthen, my soul raise to God
As I lingered by her for a while.

“I am going,” she said, “to the shrine of Saint Ann,
And remember, I’ll pray for you there;
Though my body grows weaker, my faith is still strong,
For I’ve tested the power of prayer.”

“I am going to ask our dear, glorious Saint
To please loosen the hard, heavy chain
That now keeps me from working for God and His Cause,
And I know that I’ll not ask in vain.”

’Twas the last time I heard the sweet soul-strengthening voice
Of our whole-hearted Sister Jerome;
For the Saint heard her prayer—she has loosened the chain
And has taken her fond client Home.

There are tears in the eyes that now gaze on that face,
In its white, deathly calm, but still sweet;
And a strong hope goes thrilling again through my heart,
And a joy that is almost complete.

For I know she is waiting to welcome us all
To the sweet Sacred Heart of our Lord;
We have seen her life’s work, and we know that she now
Must be reaping the promised reward.

Yes, "The harvest is great and the laborers few":
This she realized well, and her zeal
To encourage vocations grew stronger each day
And her influence thousands will feel.

O. how many a Priest as he bends o'er the Host
When he offers the sweet Sacrifice,
Will remember the one who first taught him to see
And to value the "Pearl without price."

And how many a nun as she kneels in the choir
And tenderly murmurs her vows,
Will recall the dear friend who helped her respond
To the call of her Master and Spouse.

Yes, the seed she has planted continues to grow,
She will welcome its fruit to God's Home;
She will pray for us there as she prayed for us here,
Our own sainted Sister Jerome.

HERE'S TO NELLIE

She's a vision of beauty, a dream of delight,
She's the sun of our day and the star of our night.
She has charmed Williamsport with her exquisite grace,
With her heart-winning smile and her angelic face,
No wonder she's loved by the old and the young,
For love sleeps in her heart and wit rests on her tongue.

SAINT PATRICK'S DAY GREETING

(Rev. P. F. Broderick)

Our pastor dear, with joy we hail
Your patron's holy feast;
And though of all your flock we are
The humblest and the least,
We know that you will not reject
The offering we bring,
That you will lend a willing ear
To every song we sing.

And lo! the gift we bring excels
The fairest flower that grows;
'Tis dearer to the Celtic heart
Than any regal rose;
This symbol of a triune God
That great Saint Patrick blest,
We love, and well we know, you love
The little shamrock best.

The beacon fire near Tara Hill,
Enkindled by his hand,
Has sent its shafts of living light
Across our own dear land;
And it is meet that we should sing
This great apostle's praise,
That we should deem this holy feast
A very king of days.

And while we sound your patron's praise
We will not fail to pray
That he will multiply your joy
A thousand times today;
Yea, for his power is just as great
As in the days of old,
And at his word God will repay
Your zeal a million fold.

AT MARYWOOD

We spent one golden autumn day
At Marywood,
And all too soon it passed away
At Marywood,
For when the heart is young and gay
The rosy hours will not delay.
In vain we sought their course to stay
At Marywood.

We stood to see the sun arise
At Marywood,
The east was tinged with gorgeous dyes
At Marywood,
And when you turned your glowing eyes
To mark the glory of the skies,
How close we seemed to Paradise
At Marywood.

The trees were crowned with red and gold
At Marywood,
We noted not of death they told
At Marywood,
And as around the groves we strolled
You joyed such splendor to behold
And smiled alike on young and old
At Marywood.

Alas! too soon the hours fled
At Marywood,
The sun went down in clouds of red
At Marywood,
Though now the sky is dark as lead
And you are sleeping with the dead
I still remember all you said
At Marywood.

Full well your words my heart has weighed
At Marywood,
And for your soul I oft have prayed
At Marywood,
Sweet thoughts of you must still pervade
My life--and oh! with Heaven's aid,
I'll keep the promise that I made
At Marywood.

THE GOLDEN JUBILEE

Bright and varied as the flowers,
Crowning all the fragrant bowers
Of the ever lovely May,
Be the gifts that Heaven sends thee,
And the joy that now attends thee
On this happy festal day.
Lily, rose and fair carnation,
All the flora's sweet creation,
In the woodland and the lea,
Symbolize the graces glowing,
Gifts that God is now bestowing
On the Golden Jubilee.

Fifty years of faithful serving
In God's household are deserving
Of the "hundred-fold" reward:
Each desire anticipating,
Lo! the King of Kings is waiting,
All thy wishes to accord.
Friends and Sisters, now rejoicing,
Tender love and triumph voicing,
Gather round to pray for thee.
Our petitions are ascending,
That the joy may prove unending
Which surrounds thy Jubilee.

HER SWEETEST CHARM

I envy not Roberta Rose
Her beautiful complexion,
Nor azure eyes wherein we catch
The summer sky's reflection.

I envy not Roberta Rose
Her stately, graceful form,
Her dainty foot, nor slender hand,
So white and firm and warm.

I envy not her soft low voice
Nor sweet enticing smile;
But one thing I do envy her,
And envy all the while.

Yes, I would give all I possess,
All valuables in sight,
If only they could buy for me
Roberta's appetite.

TO SISTER AMBROSE

Was there ever yet an alien
Homeward bound,
Who rejoiced not at each milestone
That he found;
Who was ever prone to linger,
Or to roam
From the safest, shortest pathway
Leading home?

Was there ever yet an alien
On the way
To his Fatherland whose spirit
Was not gay?
Could he not foretaste the welcome
At the end,
And in fancy see his father's
Hand extend?

Friend of mine, we too are aliens
Pressing on
To the Home where many other
Friends have gone.
There are no attractions for us
On the way,
And no siren can entice us
To delay.

So it is your heart rejoices
 Secretly,
And bids welcome to your joyous
 Jubilee.
Five and twenty silver milestones
 Marked the way
You have traveled since your holy
 Bridal day.

Ah! you noticed not the roughness
 Of the road
That was leading to our Father's
 Sweet abode;
But with hopeful heart you murmured
 Words of cheer
To the less courageous pilgrims
 Walking near.

And how often you assisted
 Some weak soul,
Who without your aid might never
 Reach the goal,
Acts of love by all forgotten
 Save the Guide,
He the unseen Guide who never
 Left your side.

Well He noted every action,
 Word and thought!
 Well He knew it was His interest
 That you sought.
 And your happy heart is conscious
 That 'tis He
 Who now blesses your most holy
 Jubilee.

In the future, golden milestones
 You will meet;
 May your path be hedged with flowers,
 Fresh and sweet!
 May the journey still be pleasant
 To the close,
 Till within our Home in Heaven
 You repose!

THE CARPENTER'S SON

Scorn not the plebian you may meet on the way
Because you may fear what the wealthy will say,
And think e'er you slight e'en the lowliest one
Of Him who was known as the Carpenter's Son,
Of those whom He honored in old Galilee,
The fishermen found at their work by the sea;
Yea, think what a tent maker did for us all,
Was e'er a patrician so great as Saint Paul?

Strange fancies surge o'er me, pathetic and sweet,
When toil-weary workmen I happen to meet;
And oft, as I watch them, I wonder which one
Resembles most closely the Carpenter's Son,
Whom often I picture in humble attire,
And toiling as they for a day's paltry hire,
Oh, surely, His sympathy still is with those
Who cheerfully follow the life that He chose.

Then give the plebian your sunniest smile
And when you can cheer him, just tarry awhile;
A word or a look or a clasp of the hand
May give him new strength and the courage to stand.
Note not that his garments are ragged and poor,
But think of the trials he has to endure,
And think of the comforts that he must forego,
The joys and the pleasure his heart may not know.

Recoil not in fear of incurring disgrace
On meeting a man of a lowlier race;
The blood of patricians may course through your veins,
But is your heart larger or have you more brains?
Is something not wanting in heart and in brain
Of him who exhibits the trace of distain
For one who resembles the Carpenter's Son
Whose heart holds the record of all that is done?

THE INVITATION

I'd really like to see you, Phil,
I've heard your praises sung until
I think of you against my will.

Now, Phil, it may not seem just right
For me to dream of you each night,
And yet I do, "Angel of Light."

If you're as clever and as gay,
Or half as kind as people say,
Your like has never passed this way.

And if you're only half as good
As some folks think you are, I would
Just canonize you if I could.

Then will you come to see me soon
At least before Tomorrow noon?
For people change just like the moon.

THE SILVER JUBILEE

TO FATHER ROBERT

As well attempt to check the winds
That sweep across the ocean,
Or e'en endeavor to control
The billows' restless motion;
As well command the rain-charged clouds
Withhold the summer shower,
Or to forbid the vernal earth
To send forth leaf or flower,
As to expect the human heart
To hide the strong emotion
That springs from deathless gratitude,
The root of all devotion.

In vain the humble heart may strive
To hide its own great glory,
The more it seeks to silence men
The more they tell the story.
And thus it is that each fond soul
That knows your worth rejoices,
And now, despite your well known wish,
Your praise and triumph voices,
It sings of fruitful lustrums spent
In hard and ceaseless labor,
Of countless sacrifices made
To help a soul-sick neighbor.

In vain man seeks to estimate
 The good you have effected
 To further God's great cause, to which
 Your efforts were directed;
 The human mind can never gauge
 The work of such a pastor,
 Nor know what recompense awaits
 True servants of the Master.
 Nay, God and God's great angels know
 The value of each hour,
 In which you freely exercised
 The holy priestly power.

Though vain may be our songs of praise,
 Not so the prayers we tender,
 That this, your silver jubilee,
 Be unsurpassed in splendor.
 We pray that in the years to come
 Your joy may not diminish,
 That strength and length of years be yours
 The golden crown to finish;
 That your kind heart may realize
 True peace and holy pleasure,
 And even in this life possess
 The one great, priceless treasure.

PITTSTON

(Reverently inscribed to Rev. Dr. P. C. Winters)

O, the summer time in Pittston,
Is the best I ever knew;
And the winter time in Pittston,
Is as fine and pleasant too.
It is charming there in springtime,
When the leaves are getting green,
And we all admit in autumn
It presents a lovely scene.

Bless the girls of dear old Pittston,
Every one of them is fair,
Every one of them is faithful,
"God protect them!" is my prayer;
But the finest thing about them
Is that sweet, confiding smile
That appears to be the fashion
In Pittston all the while.

And the men you meet in Pittston
Are the noblest and the best;
There is nothing to excel them
In the East or in the West;
They are neighborly and honest,
They can tell a story well,
And have always time to listen
To the story that you tell.

And the good old folks at Pittston
 Ah! to them off comes my hat;
They're philosophers, and good ones,
 I've had ample proof of that.
If I had a mint of money,
 I would give it all, and more,
Just to spend another hour
 With my Pittston friends of yore.

When you're airing your complaints then,
 Will you please leave Pittston out?
Or admit it is a subject
 That you don't know much about.
But whenever you're applauding
 You may praise old Pittston then;
Praise her honest-hearted women
 And her open-handed men.

THE SENSE OF LOSS

I know that Rita's dolls are well,
And each one dressed just like a belle;
Maureen informs me she has five,
And Dorothy has three alive.
But poor, dear little Anna Rose!
Her heart is filled with grief and woes;
Her only dolly broke its head,
And Doctor Dot said it was dead.
They called the undertaker in;
He brought a coffin lined with tin;
With cambric crepe and fair field flowers,
They mourned the doll for two straight hours.
Miss Rita sent the "Gates Ajar"
Maureen, an anchor; Dot, a star;
But sympathetic Baby Joe
Cried more than all the rest, I know.
At half past three the bell was tolled
And in a grave both deep and cold
They placed the doll that fair June day,
Then gaily scampered back to play.
But one alone refused to leave
And lingered by the grave to grieve.
I vainly tried to tell her why
'Tis wrong to mourn when dollies die.
She raised her tear-stained face and sighed,
"I know but it was mine that died."

God comfort little Anna Rose,
Dear heart! She'll learn where'er she goes,
That lasting grief is seldom known
Except to those who lose their own.

TO MARGARET

We never knew we cared for you
That we could miss you so
Until the day you went away,
But now too well we know.

We did not dream how dull 'twould seem
Without your sunny smile,
That we could miss one face like this
And miss it all the while.

Come back again, dear girl, and then
We'll prove how well we prize
Your presence here, where all is drear
Without your beaming eyes.

Come back, sweet Pearl, our own good girl,
And make our hearts rejoice,
Come, bring relief, and banish grief,
With the music of your voice.

AN IRISHMAN'S PRAYER TO SAINT ANTHONY

Now here you are Saint Anthony
Gold framed upon my wall,
And many people wonder why
I care for you at all.

Here is God's Blessed Mother with
Saint Joseph by her side,
Our glorious Saint Patrick too
And Bridget, Ireland's Pride.

Here is the great Saint Michael with
His handsome Gaelic face,
I wonder now Saint Anthony
If you feel out of place.

You know who hung your picture here
The day I was away;
It was my own good natured boy
And so I let it stay.

But oh! the lad, Saint Anthony
Is now in sore disgrace,
And if they prove him guilty, he
Will never show his face.

They're swearing false against him in
 The courthouse over there.
 To prove he is the villian who
 Has forged a note somewhere.

Now, these are just the very words
 He said to me last night;
 "I know that good Saint Anthony
 Will see me through all right."

"But, Dad, I think 'twould please my saint
 If you would ask him too
 And promise something for his poor,
 And that, I know You'll do."

I did not mind it much last night
 But oh! this dreadful day
 The tide has turned against my boy
 I could not bear to stay.

I left him in the courthouse there
 And came right here to sue.
 Before, I never troubled you
 For anything, 'tis true.

I never lit a candle yet
 Before your famous shrine,
 Now, if you want me for a friend
 Befriend this boy of mine.

I'll give a hundred loaves of bread
To feed your orphan boys,
And fifty pounds of candy and
A bunch of Christmas toys.

If only good St. Anthony
You'll make the guilty known.
Hark! wait a minute will you?
I hear the telephone.

Hello! what is it that you say?
The guilty one confessed!
My boy is proved a hero, ay,
God be forever blessed!

You've proved yourself, St. Anthony,
From this day forth you'll see
That every son of Italy
Will find a friend in me.

TRUE SYMPATHY

TO LORETTA

I have often stood and listened
 To the distant church bells toll,
Sweet and slow and sad and solemn,
 For some dear departed soul;
And responsive to their pleadings,
 From my heart a prayer went up
For the dead, and for the living,
 Left to drink dark sorrow's cup.

I have lingered in a graveyard,
 Where the grass was wet with tears;
And, while there, have meditated
 On the shortness of the years;
There repeatedly I pondered
 O'er the solemn truth, that I,
If not claimed by death full early,
 Should see those I cherish die.

I have witnessed scenes of sorrow,
 Watched the last departing breath,
And have placed my warm hand firmly
 On the icy brow of death.
I have wept there with the mourners,
 Urging them to be resigned,
Bidding them look up to Heaven,
 Where true comfort all may find.

Then I thought I knew what death meant,
That I understood the grief,
To which human art can never
Give one atom of relief;
Then I thought that it was easy
To be fully reconciled,
But I had not lost a parent,
All is different now, my child.

Since then I have learned a lesson
That is only learned by loss;
I can sympathize with others,
Who now bear grief's heavy cross.
Well I understand your sorrow;
I am conscious of the change
That makes scenes, the most familiar,
E'en the world itself seem strange.

You have lost a noble father,
One whom multitudes revered,
One who by each word and action
Was to your young heart endeared.
God has snapped the cord that fastened
Your affections on this earth;
Now the world and all things worldly
Seem to you of little worth.

Grace within your heart is stronger,
Though your eyes with tears are dim;
You would call not back that father,
Nay, you fain would follow him.
In this world you are a stranger,
And your home no more is here;
But the home where he awaits you,
God's sweet Home seems very near.

THE SNOWBIRD

A little boy met a wee snowbird at play,
Just outside the door on a wild zero day;
"Why don't you fly South, my good fellow," said Chris,
"And look for a pleasanter country than this?"

"Because," the bird answered, "I'd much rather stay;
My friends would be lonely, if I went away.
The Robin has gone and Miss Bluebird, 'tis true,
But who would be left here if I followed too?"

The boys and girls love me, although I can't sing,
And so, I stay here to remind them of spring."

"Now pray, Mr. Bunting, don't make a mistake:
I asked you to leave us just for your own sake.

The mercury is down below zero, you know,
The Northwind is frantic, and—look at the snow!"
The snowbird just laughed: "Why, the Northwind likes me,
Although I'll admit that he's some times too free.

He's roaring for fun, over there in the wood,
But surely, you know that he does lots of good.
The snow, too, is lovely and useful besides,
Just think of the coasting and jolly sleigh-rides!

And He who has sent it must know what is best
For the North and the South and the East and the West."
"You're right, Mr. Bunting; this weather is grand,"
Said Chris, "To the South, here's the back of my hand.

The lesson you taught me is really worth while,
I'll greet roaring Boreas now with a smile.
When Robin and Bluebird arrive, it is true;
I'll welcome them back, but I'll not forget you."

A MEMORY

Memory's album opens oft
Unbidden at the place
Wherein I fastened years ago
The picture of her face.
A girlish, oval countenance,
Too grave for one so young,
'Twould seem the fair sun seldom shone
Where this sweet flower had sprung.

The broad, low brow is fitly crowned
With waves of golden hair,
A saint-like halo for a face
More sanctified than fair.
Too tender is the sweet curved lip,
Too pale, perhaps, the cheek;
But chin and nose both indicate
A spirit far from weak.

Dark eyebrows slightly arch above
Still darker blue-grey eyes,
Deep, earnest, thoughtful orb wherein
The light of Heaven lies.
How oft have these clear, truthful eyes
Unknowingly revealed
The secrets of a loving heart,
That she would have concealed!

“Death loves a shining mark,” and oh!
Full soon he learned her worth,
Full soon he claimed the heart that was
Too good for this dark earth.
Tonight, I bow my head and pray
That I in heaven may look
Upon this face so well preserved
In Memory’s picture-book.

PATRICK F. DURKAN

Not for the poet we lament,
Though few among
The sweetest bards in sweeter strains
Have ever sung.
Not for the patriot we mourn,
Yet those who knew
Our poet, doubt not that he loved
His country true.
Not for the loyal friend we sigh,
For he can still
Befriend us in the home of saints,
Yea, and he will.

Though poet, patriot and friend
 Has gone to rest,
 It would not be so hard to say,
 "God's will is best,"
 Did we not count a teacher less;
 And it is true
 That Christian educators are
 Alas! too few.
 What wonder that our hearts lament,
 And mourn and sigh,
 That he, our Christ-like teacher, should
 Too early die.

Dear God, to spread Thy kingdom here
 He ever sought;
 The science that Thy Heart approves
 He always taught:
 Then send us masters such as he,
 To urge Thy cause,
 Men who will do Thy work, and seek
 For no applause;
 Men who will plant in youthful hearts
 Faith's holy seed;
 For Oh! we are of such as these
 In direst need.

TO A NAMESAKE OF SAINT PATRICK

Though many Celtic hearts today
With holy joy abound,
'Tis with the namesakes of our saint
The deepest joy is found;
For well they know the power of him
Whose patronage they claim,
And with unbounded trust they ask
Each grace in Patrick's name.

You are the client of this saint,
Who watched with jealous care
The children of his chosen land,
Our verdant isle, so fair.
Defender of their sacred rights,
Their ardent, fearless knight,
Who fought for them as only saints
On fire with love can fight.

No conquest that he gained for them
He deemed too dearly bought;
O can an Irish heart forget
How brave St. Patrick fought?
Before God's throne he stands today
Still eager to proclaim
His zeal for Erin, to enhance
The splendor of her name.

Great is his power in that fair court
Where God and Mary reign;
All that your heart may ask today
Your patron can obtain;
Then join your fervent prayers with ours
That, through his love for her
The land we love may realize
A hope too long deferred.

And may he bless all that you love,
Your every effort bless;
And crown the work you undertake
For God's sake with success.
O may the welfare of our Faith
Be still your constant aim,
And may you live to honor long
St. Patrick's holy name.

SWEET COMFORT

When I have not the time to say
The prayers I want to say,
Or when I am too tired to pray
As I would like to pray;
O then, it is a comfort sweet
To know with certainty,
When Mary, Clare and Robert pray
They will remember me.

And when death comes to me, as death
Will come to everyone,
And I look out with hopeful eyes
Upon life's setting sun;
O then 'twill be a comfort sweet
To know with certainty,
When Mary, Clare and Robert pray
They will remember me.

The sweet voice is silenced that ever
Spoke words of good cheer,
Words kind and sincere;
The saints and the angels in heaven
Its music now hear.

Cold, cold is the heart that was ardent
As any that throbbed;
Oh! Death, you have robbed
The poor of a friend, warm and faithful,
What wonder they sobbed!

Yes, she was their friend, and they loved her,
Their zealous, true friend,
Their own to the end;
For her shall the prayers of the grateful
To God's throne ascend.

On Golgotha's height, uncomplaining
She lingered so long,
We know it is wrong
To grieve that she now sings in heaven
Her glad Easter song.

MY MOTHER'S PIANO

Don't tell me you dislike it,
That you think it in the way,
The dear old, square piano
That my mother used to play.

It still awakens echoes,
And sweet memories it recalls,
Sweet memories of the music
That called forth my first applause.

My mother's old piano
With its once fair rosewood case,
'Tis the dearest of my treasures
And it still must have its place.

God bless the kind old fingers
That once pressed its ivory keys,
To flood the air with music
That my heart aches could appease.

Don't ask me to remove it,
Don't insist its in the way,
The dear old square piano,
That my mother used to play.

THE DAY WE SPENT AT GREEN MOUNT

The day we spent at Green Mount
The sun refused to shine,
But all was light and cheerful,
Dear little friends of mine;
A warm and kindly welcome,
A bright and sunny smile,
Will make you think the weather
Is pleasant all the while.

The day we spent at Green Mount
To me seemed very fair,
And though the rain kept drizzling
For that I did not care;
With darling little Mary
I'd rather sit and swing,
Than wander through the woodland
And hear the wild-birds sing.

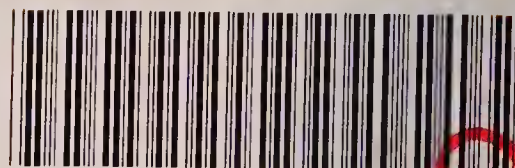
The day we spent at Green Mount
No blue was in the skies,
But I found all I cared for
In her bright eager eyes.
I envy the good angel
Who guards her all the time—
To watch and cherish Mary
Must be a task sublime.

The day we spent at Green Mount
Was dark and dull, they say,
And yet I could not wish for
A more delightful day;
For Christopher was with me
And with his golden hair
He scattered sunshine round him
Till all the world seemed fair.

The day we spent at Green Mount
Has filled a rosy page
In Mem'ry's sacred album
That shall not fade with age;
And often as I read it
I'll breathe an earnest prayer
For those dear friends at Green Mount
Who made that dark day fair.

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